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THE MACLEAN'S 1990 HONOR ROLL

Twelve who
make a
difference



53



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COVER

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

Twelve Canadians on the fifth annual Maclean's Beaver Bell helped to make an enriching difference in the life of the nation and beyond. Their contributions added strength and honour to the arts and entertainment, science, business, charity and scholarship. They reinforce a roster of 62 Canadians who, since 1986, have been honoured in Maclean's for their creative accomplishments.

— 10



WORLD

A WARNING SHOT

Soviet Foreign Minister Edvard Shevardnadze, who last helped his political boss and mentor, Mikhail Gorbachev, to change the political map of the world, suddenly and unexpectedly resigned. His departure was an apparent victory for Soviet military chiefs and Communist party hard-liners.

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BUSINESS

CRUSHED CAREERS

Once a symbol of the high-flying 1980s, stockholders in Toronto's Bay Street are finding that the current economic downturn is a humbling experience. Thousands of them have lost their jobs, while those who remain are struggling to earn more half of their former incomes.

— 47



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thanks for
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LETTERS

CUTTING DEEP AT HOME

It is certainly ironic that the first real casualties of our military presence in the Middle East should be the CMC employees who were providing a very important and valuable service to millions of Canadians ("Clipping the CMC," *Canada/Special Report*, Dec. 17). It is an absolute tragedy that Brian Mulroney and his military cronies are spending \$90 million per month in the Persian Gulf, while at the same time they continue to gut the transportation and communication systems that help keep this far-flung country together.

Gordon Reid Murray,
Calgary

Contrary to the opinions of Parley Mowat, W. Q. Mitchell, Stephen Lewis and others, it is not Brian Mulroney and the Conservative party who are responsible for envenoming the CMC. Brian Tuckman and his pragmatic Liberal administration, which liquidated Canada's enormous national debt, with \$35.8 billion in current annual interest payments on that \$35.8-billion debt, left responsible Canadians should be decoupling the immediate privatization of the CMC, an expensive, inefficient bureaucracy the country can no longer afford.

Paul J. Lamberson,
Brampton, Ont.

Parley Mowat could not have put the closure of CMC's 21 TV stations any more gracefully when he said, "They went to silence the voice of independent thought." The elimination of 1,100 employees and perhaps the waning of national unity are undoubtedly pressing concerns emerging from the CMC's collapse, but when the concerns for our ever-sustaining source of the news?

John B. Comerbatch,
Victoria

A VOICE FROM THE GULF

Just a short note of thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of *Macleans*. Canadian news and issues of any kind are devoured not only by myself, but by all military personnel here at duty in the Persian Gulf. *Macleans* is an annual magazine and as such a particularly welcome on our coffee tables. Our three ships of sea in the Gulf are also happy recipients of your magazine, as it is delivered weekly from Canada. It is a very way in which we keep ourselves informed of the events in Canada and the world, as seen from a Canadian perspective. Again, thank you for sending *Macleans*—it is very much appreciated.

Commander R. J. Swenson
Commander Canadian Forces
Canadian Forces Headquarters, Middle East
Manama, Bahrain



CBC staff: first military casualties

ELVIS LIVES

The rock group Loving Colour's comments, and their lyrics in the song *Elvis Is Dead*, are another hit about the cause of Elvis Presley ("Rock's black factor," *Macleans*, Nov. 20). How anyone could say that Presley "laced his vocal style in part from black songsters

Ons Blackwell" is foolish. Have they heard Blackwell's record? I have them, and while he was a great writer, he was never more than a mediocre singer and nothing like Elvis Presley. And why does Loving Colour come up to Mock Jagers? His group ripped off more black artists than anyone.

Roger Russell,
Abbotsford, Mass.

ALWAYS A THREAT

Thank you for keeping sight of reality. Your concluding statement in "The taste of power" (*Open the Liberty Bell*, Dec. 17), which stated that President Salvador Allende remains a threat as long as he remains in power, is a fact that is too often obscured by the desire for a peaceful resolution of the Persian Gulf crisis. It is naive of us to believe that Hassan, if successfully elected from Kuwait, will simply disappear. The climate in the Gulf may now be temperate, but with a "coalition" in the wind, the long-range forecast is a concern.

Brent Johnston,
Victoria

Letters are edited and may be modified. Writers should incorporate address and telephone number. Maclean's does not return letters. The Editors welcome e-mail. Address: 100 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C7.

PASSAGES

APPOINTED: To the Supreme Court of Canada, Frank Iacobucci, 53, chief justice of the Federal Court of Canada, by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's appointment, is expected to become and has been replaced by Bertha Wilson, the first woman appointed to the high court, who retired on Jan. 4. The son of British-born parents, Iacobucci was born in Vancouver and was law dean at the University of British Columbia and Cambridge University in England. After practicing briefly in New York City, he became a teacher and administrator at the University of Toronto. Mulroney appointed him federal deputy justice minister in 1985 and chief justice of the Federal Court in 1986.

AWARDED: To Spurge doctor Kurt Browning, 24, took the Lester B. Pearson Award, The Canadian Press's prize for the male athlete of the year, and the Lew Marsh Award, given to Canada's outstanding athlete of the year in a choice by a panel of Toronto journalists.

DEAD: French writer and political activist Paul Theriault, 58, of a heart attack. Known for his elegant performances, favourably compared to those of Pablo Casals, Theriault refused to join the United Nations during the 1960s in protest against the Vietnam War.

WITHDRAWN: Charges against Harold Ballard Jr., 43, because the complainant, his father, Harold Ballard, died last April and because of trial delays. In August,



Some cars are called "new" more by virtue of their date of release than by their degree of innovation.

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It seems the only thing greater than Canadians' talent for developing innovative ideas is their desire to remain quiet about them. For instance, how many people know we wouldn't have the indispensable zipper without the entrepreneurial sense of Dr Gideon Sundback — a Canadian?

Nor would we have advances in medicine, engineering or public safety associated with the innovations of the 1990 Manning Award winners. The Manning Awards is a privately-funded foundation that annually fosters and recognizes innovation and enterprise in Canada.

The Principal Award (\$100,000) honours Dr Yoshio Masui, of Toronto, for his success in better understanding the division of cells in the human body — a biomedical breakthrough in the battle against cancer without

precedent in the last 50 years

1990 Awards of Distinction (\$25,000) recognize Dr Alan Davenport, of London, for his global work in better understanding the impact of turbulent winds on structures, and Art Fenniman, of Stittsville, Ontario for his development of a space frame connector which creates new options for a variety of building structures.

Innovation Awards (\$5,000) salute the efforts of Brian Olson of Regina for developing a safer tractor hitch and Allen Wiebe of Calgary for the safer replacement of rubber fingers in parks maintenance equipment.

For more details about past Manning Award recipients, or how to nominate a deserving, innovative Canadian for the awards (competition closes February 15) contact

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OPENING NOTES

Margaret Thatcher changes dresses and addresses, Brian De Palma's vanity flares, and Madonna gets a trim

STAND BY HER MAN

As Brian Mulroney suffers the attacks of his critics, theories abound about how the Prime Minister deals with the stress. Ottawa journalist John Sewastky, who is at work on a biography of the Prime Minister, says that it is the devotion and determination of his wife, Mita, that help him to withstand the criticism. "She is really his bedrock," Sewastky told *Maclean's* recently. "She is his greatest influence, but not in a policy sense." Sewastky said that during the 1984 election campaign, CBC journalists compiling footage for a news documentary assembled a tape showing Mulroney mingling with crowds of voters. "Each time he became separated from his wife," Sewastky recalled, "he would look around like a lost child and ask, 'Where's Mita, where's Mita?' It was so devastating that they decided they just could not use it." Sewastky added: "Mita made him Prime Minister. Without her, he never would have made it. He is extremely thimble-skinned. She is much stronger psychologically."

The Mulroneys are safely devoted and determined.



More than a place to hang her hat

After she resigned, Margaret Thatcher and her husband, Denis, moved from number 10 Downing Street to the \$13-million (nick-George) house that they purchased in 1985 as a retirement home in the neighborhood of Deacons. But readers now say that the Deacons house may be destined for sale. Thatcher, who is still a member of Parliament, says that she finds the Deacons drive to Westminster, even with a police escort, too difficult. Readers say that the first Lady likes changing her clothes between appointments and Deacons is just too far away. Now, an American friend of the Thatchers has laid them a \$800,000 apartment, once occupied by prime minister Stanley Baldwin.

Thatcher changing jobs and changing clothes



SOVIETS WATCH BIG BROTHER

British director Michael Radford greeted the recent Moscow opening of his recent 1984 work *Big Brother*. "It is the fulfillment of an old dream," he added that there is nothing that viewers would find "conscience or offender" in his movie, based on George Orwell's novel. An otherwise quiet audience reacted with approval when the movie's hero, Winston Smith, presented his lover with delicacies obtained despite shortages under *Big Brother*. "I have coffee," he proclaimed. "Real coffee." A case of life imitating art.

A star-studded menagerie

The good news is that *Condo* Chang is pregnant. The bad news is that it is the wrong *Condo* Chang. The expectant one is real TV personality Gerardo Rivera's dog. Last August, People featured TV newsmen Chang as its cover with the headline "I want a child." Now, her audience is due next week. A spokesman said that the host of *The Gerardo Show* also has a spouse named after Chang's husband, journalist Mary Povich, and two children, *Open* and *Phil*. Added the spokesman: "Gerardo admires the real *Condo* and Mary and *Open* and *Phil* very much." Some imitation is less flattering than others.

VANITY GOES BEFORE A FALL

Turning Tim Wile's celebrated satirical 1981 novel *The Reader of the Reader* into a major movie has released the warden of some real-life characters. Everything from the casting of Tim Rains as Sherman McCoy, "Master of the Universe," to the movie's convoluted happy ending has led to energetic discussion by critics throughout North America. Even the most concerned that from the basis of the story have lurked from the screen into public debate. Earlier this month, *Reader* director Brian De Palma responded to charges by Mark Kessel that the movie is racist. Let's directed such films as *On the Right* and *My Better Half*, in an interview with *Maclean's*, De Palma called Lee "an incredible racist loudmouth."



De Palma: defending his movie

Lee racist concern



De Palma: defending his movie

He also pointed out that Lee had not seen the movie before denouncing it. Added De Palma: "Yes, he is an example of *Reader* of the Reader. He's Spide Lee. He's not of human kind." The movie was released last week in Canada and the United States. And from the early reactions of critics and test audiences, De Palma will soon be defending his picture on another front. Many reviewers say that the long-winded blockbuster is a dud.

A DIPLOMAT COMES IN TO THE COLD

Brian Friebel has lived in interesting times. The 31-year-old communications officer with the department of external affairs and his wife, Leslie, returned safely to Ottawa earlier this month after spending four harrowing months as hostages in Kuwait and Baghdad. Friebel and other Canadians have achieved hero status at home for helping Americans and Britons after kidnapping the Iraqi invasion. But Friebel is no stranger to adversity. In 1969, he was a member of the Canadian Embassy staff in Tehran where Communist-led American diplomats were then helped them escape from the wrath of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. Friebel told *Maclean's* that he has mixed feelings about being back. "I don't appreciate the weather," he said, "but I guess it's better than living under a gun."



A glimpse of paradise

When a brilliant-born businessman, Gen. Stanislaw Tymoski, ran for the presidency of Poland, socialists expected something that he could have an impact. But Tymoski defeated Prime Minister Tadeusz Mazowiecki in the first round of voting. And although Lech Walesa eventually defeated Tymoski on Dec. 9, it was only after a highly controversial campaign. The Canadian's strong faith reflects a family held fast of Polish culture. Many Poles, bristling with the effects of a shattered economy, were convinced that Canada is a relative paradise. Said Martin Carls, Polish trade commissioner in Canada: "When someone says it's Poland, it is Canada for them, they mean it better of than others." The perception of Canada was one of Tymoski's big attractions. What he apparently did not have was the look of the last.

Tymoski better off than others

Tree-trimming

Madonna has had a trim. Apparently, the hedge around her mansion in the posh Los Angeles district of Hollywood



Madonna: blocked view

this was so high that it was blocking a neighbor's view of the Pacific Ocean. He complained that the obstruction lowered his property's value by \$1 million. A superior court judge agreed and ordered Madonna to trim her foliage to the regulation eight feet and to pay all legal costs. Madonna had no choice but to comply. Good shrubs make good neighbors.

MAYBE, THIS YEAR?

COLUMN



The frightening tyranny of language

BY BARBARA AMIEL

On Monday, Dec. 30, *The Globe and Mail* published a new stylebook, its first since 1976. Normally, stylebooks are used to check idiosyncrasies. Not reporters permitted, for example, to use an apostrophe ("A's") in their copy? However, the front-page story that transpired the new edition of the *Globe's* stylebook explained that changes to actual rules and spelling were relatively small. What then, I wondered, was the need for a new book?

The *Globe* was pleased to inform us. The changes "... are the book's detailed policies on women and language, reflecting the *Globe's* desire to avoid sexual language, an obscure language on foreign and French words on the handling of quotations, and on expressions dealing with disabled people." The *Globe* invited "interested members of the public" to purchase a copy of the book. I couldn't wait. In the book, the *Globe* cautions readers that it has taken special care "not to sacrifice clarity and precision on the altar of tenderness." And, if this was the point, the stylebook editors wished to avoid, I regret to inform them that they have failed miserably.

Skipping through the book, my eyes came to rest on the entry for the phrase "Ivan Curtsin, the." Here is what the *Globe* had to say: "Use only in direct quotes. Whether the term described reality or actually helped to shape it is open to argument, but the new breath of truth and common sense among European countries certainly makes it inaccurate today."

The reasoners of *The Globe and Mail*, it seems, repeats the *TMS* speech of Winston Churchill, in which the phrase "Ivan Curtsin" was first used, as simply a policy to tip the Soviets. Perhaps, the *Globe* editors envisioned Stalin's intention in Churchill's words that he had his audience "Stalin," or the Russian equivalent, as he went about making reality conform to Churchill's metaphor.

What this reveals is that the *Globe* has a standard that in 1996 doubts reality when the present Grand Committee of the Soviet

The Globe and Mail's stylebook goes beyond spelling or policies on obscenity: it seeks to put its ideological stamp on reporting

Communist party has not doubted for several years—possibly, that they have lived under a tyranny for the past 70 years. I don't think one needs to analyze this further, but it ought to be noted, particularly by any schools planning to use the thoughts of Chairman *Globe and Mail* as "resource" material.

This entry-set is important, however, because it tells us a great deal about the rest of the book. The guidelines is not a matter of whether the editors are too left-wing or too right-wing. The error is far more basic. What is revealed is that regardless of how you feel about such matters as "women's issues" or "race" or any countless issues, the *Globe's* editors are in a thrill to use serious misrepresentation.

Essentially, they follow a very prescriptive type of belief that judgment follows words. They think that the meaning of something they judge bad or undesirable will cause people to change their judgment of it. By using euphemisms for disapproved ideas, the *Globe* believes that you can make the bad idea disappear.

A perfect example of this is the use of the word "crippled." This word, as the *Globe* explains, is now in disfavor. Since the days of

"crippled," we have substituted "handicapped," which the *Globe* tells us is now also a word. The preferred word is "disabled." Crippled, handicapped, or "crippled" is still off the same spectrum since human beings have a natural fear and aversion to the state of being less than whole in body.

I could have chosen dozens of other entries to make the point. The section on "Women" would be hilarious were it not so laudable. *Globe* writers must avoid words like "causative," "the common race" and "men in the street." They are reminded that this does not have to be carried to "enormous," so elegant. *Globe* writers need not worry about using "topical" and "manufactured." The editors are worried about terms like "womanhood" and show the line at freedom or position. Writers must use gender-free words such as "letter carrier," "backpacker" and "stereotypes" expresses like "old news" tales must be replaced by such fresh, original phrases as the *Globe's* suggestion of "superstition" or "popular misconception." This would surely be laughable were it not that the substitute phrase is inaccurate and that old news' tales are by common acknowledgment most often true. Unfortunately, adding the euphemism or "fresh" such as harsher easier and kinder make pose a problem with no easy solution.

Under the entry for race, while there is a great deal with which I would agree, I find it ludicrous to say that it is wrong to describe somebody as "part Indian" or "part black" as grounds that this suggests that white is the standard. In itself, the phrase "part Indian" carries no such connotation whatsoever. But the fact remains that just as in Africa the standard, numerically speaking, is black, or in the Orient the standard, numerically speaking, is Oriental, in Europe and North America the numerical standard is in fact white. What an earth is wrong with stating that? It is simply an observation of plain fact.

But there is a more fundamental objection to this stylebook. The *Globe* has decided that the philosophy of the society, by its nature, is inevitable, less or more, and therefore ideological argument of the population will determine its language. The plan fails in that you could count on the fingers of one hand the people who worry about the use of the word "hardcore racism."

More importantly, having such a stylebook makes a mockery of a free press. This is a stylebook that goes beyond the legitimate area of spelling or policies on obscenity. This book seeks to put its ideological stamp on reporting. This book is a sign of the editorial and would be so even if I agreed with every entry. The whole point about writing in that one seeks the most polite, and the most polite is one that so style writer can decide ahead of time. And while it can be argued that editors and writers will always be free to employ their own words, this is not the point. The stylebook, the ones will be on them to justify their departure. A stylebook that goes beyond spelling or punctuation or rhetoric of that kind is antithetical to both good and free journalism. *The Globe and Mail*—and *Canada*—can afford this nonsense.

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MACLEAN'S HONOR ROLL

Words to free the spirit

NORTHROP FRYE

A teacher helps the world to understand how the truth in common myths can liberate the mind

In his sparsely cornered classrooms of Victoria College at the University of Toronto, more than 50 undergraduate students line the wooden writing benches for the final pre-Christmas lecture in Religion 320. From their questions, which begin halfway through the hour, it is clear that many of them are students of literature, language or philosophy. But their professors, Northrop Frye, has something to say for all of them. In the course of his class on "The Mythological Framework of Western Culture," with the Bible as his text, he lectures among dozens of other references that day, the apostles of Agatha Christie and the stories of Noëlle's Act, Moby Dick and John the Baptist. He traces common myths and structures that they share, looking works of thought into patterns of culture that both reflect and influence human behavior. His quiet statements are often as cryptic as his challenges. But, after the class, a student barely one-quarter the age of his teacher's 76 years remarks, "A chance to take a Northrop Frye course is a chance you do not skip."

That reverence for Frye and his teachings is so widely shared that he ranks among the world's great scholars. His major writings have been translated into more than 26 languages. His ideas have influenced the thousands of students who have taken his courses since he began teaching at Victoria more than 50 years ago, as well as those who have heard him lecture at more than 300 other universities from Japan to Yugoslavia, or read his works. Since 1966, his most ardent devotees have exchanged information, even trivia notes, by or about their guru in a twice-yearly *Northrop Frye Newsletter*, a booklet edited by scholar Robert Denham at Romek College in Salem, Va.

Frye's own prodigious literary output includes 24 major books, from *Fiend Symmetry*, his classic 1947 study of William Blake, the English poet, writer and mystic, to the just published *Nordisk Folk*, a companion to his monumental 1982 work on the Bible's influence on literature and life, *The Great Code*. In his new book—he describes it as "a naming up"—Frye pursues his central thesis: "Every human society possesses a mythology which is identified, transmitted and diversified by literature."

Frye is most commonly called a literary critic, but that is a narrow definition. In an interview, Frye himself remarked with his usual self-deprecating wit and ambiguity: "I don't know if there is a word for the kind of thing that I am, although what I am is what I've become." He became what he is—a shy, unpretentious man, living quietly in a crumbling home with his second wife, Sinéad, a college classmate—after a bookish boyhood. Born in Sherbrooke, Que., the son of a Methodist minister's daughter and a hardware salesman, he grew up in Montreal. M.B., learned to play the piano and to type, enrolled in Victoria College at 17, was ordained a United Church minister, discovered that being a preacher was not his calling during a summer as a student minister in rural southwest Saskatchewan, studied at Oxford, and returned in 1928 to his college to teach.

Frye took the title of his new book from a verse in the biblical book of Luke: "They were astonished at his doctrine, for his word was with power." The same may be said of the words of Northrop Frye, not of their liberating impact on the many people, in Canada and around the world, who have heard or read them.

A crusader for people

ROSALIE ABELLA

'I would like to see this country open to the contributions that every person can make'

A she accepted an honorary doctorate of laws last June at the University of Toronto, Rosalie Abella looked into tears. She was overcome by emotion, she said later, because the occasion provided both sad and inspirational memories. Twenty years earlier, she had missed her own graduation ceremonies because her father, a lawyer himself who had inspired her career choice, had died shortly before she completed law school. For Abella, now chair of the Ontario Law Reform Commission, the doctorate also recognized her pursuit of social justice during her passionate odyssey through the profession of law. That journey has taken her from practicing litigation law to family court judge at age 30, national service in the administration of justice, work in labor relations, and contacting a groundbreaking federal royal commission on equality in employment. She gazes on successive slides. "I feel incredibly lucky that every risk has proved to be worth taking," says Abella. "I assure that it could all end tomorrow. That insecurity drives me to produce."

But it is her lifelong commitment to justice that has propelled Abella to take risks. Her concept of "employment equity" in her 1984 royal commission report, a blueprint for removing hiring discrimination, has led to statutes in government and private industry across Canada and become a model for similar programs abroad. Then, last April, the law reform commission that she chairs proposed that individuals or groups should have the right to sue polluters for harming the environment. Seven months later, Ontario's new chief government prosecutor to include the idea in an environmental bill of rights.

Beyond Abella's tough campaigns is an embattled woman who fights her battles with a sense of humor and stubborn resolve. She was born into her commitment to social justice on Canada Day 64 years ago, in a displaced persons camp in Stuttgart, Germany, to Jewish parents who survived a wartime air concentration camp. They migrated to Toronto four years later, and even then, Abella says, she began writing to "fight the wrong of society." In 1970, the Ontario government appointed the young lawyer and human rights advocate as a judge of provincial magistracy, a position she served until, in 1980, she left to pursue her studies on issues to the law by the disabled and an employment equity. She has gone on to head the Ontario Labor Relations Board and the Canadian Institute for the Advancement of Justice. She has also written four books and dozens of articles on subjects ranging from the Charter of Rights and Freedoms to family rights and industrial relations.

Through her commitment to law as a tool for social change, Abella has won widespread respect. Most often, after "reconnecting" herself by spending time with her husband, Irving, an author and history professor at York University in Toronto, and two teenage sons, she returns to her office to work. She serves as a consultant on the Institute for Research and Public Policy and teaches once a week in Montreal at McGill Law School.

Abella's work schedule is motivated, she says, by pride in her profession and a desire to repay the debt that her immigrant parents helped her to feel toward Canada. That means using all aspects of law to permit people to make the most of their lives. "I would like to see this country open to the contributions that every person can make," she says. For Abella, that in turn will make a good place to live even better.



In pursuit of a dream

DANIEL DEMPSEY

With the Snowbirds, aviation became a personal challenge and a symbol of national pride

His dream of becoming a flyer was born when he was seven years old and watching the Rockefellers air show in Ottawa. His ambition to fly for Canada was reinforced four years later when young Daniel Dempsey, the son of a military policeman then based in Edmonton, hitched a lift in a gold-colored station wagon to a Calgary air show. "These guys were the Golden Hawks, Canada's aerobatic team," he recalled. "They were my heroes. I was awestruck. My dream always was to fly military planes." That golden dream was fulfilled when aerobatic Maj. Daniel Dempsey led the Snowbirds, successors to the Golden Hawks, through an aerobatic celebration in October of the unit's 20th anniversary above its home base at Moose Jaw, Sask. That performance closed Dempsey's two-year assignment as commander of the nine-plane 431st Air Demonstration Squadron. It also completed the squadron's recovery from a fatal 1989 accident that almost took Dempsey's life and raised the issue of whether the Snowbirds should continue to fly—a symbol of national pride and a personal inspiration to youthful future fliers.

The accident occurred above Lake Ontario off Toronto on Sept. 3, 1989, as thousands of spectators watched the Snowbirds perform at the Canadian National Exhibition air show. After a wingtip collision, Capt. Steven Anspaugh was killed when his plane plunged into the water. Dempsey, who struggled vainly to control his damaged lead plane, parachuted to safety seconds before his jet exploded.

Some critics called for the disbandment of the Snowbirds. But three weeks later, the team of CF-114 T-144 jets was performing again. For the 1990 season, the Snowbirds celebrated the 50th anniversary of the crossing of Canada's flag with the Maple Leaf flag, in which the planes each trails a red ensign in the sky. In all, an estimated 3.5 million spectators watched that formation and others by the Snowbirds at 70 air shows during the year. Says Dempsey: "We had to have a great year this year because 1989 was so unfortunate."

Dempsey, 38, describes his assignment as the leader and as a solo flyer with the Snowbirds as "the best job." To get it, he enrolled at the Royal Roads Military College in Victoria in 1970, and completed a B.Sc. Four years later at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont. In 1975, he earned his wings and was posted to Moose Jaw as an instructor. He later completed advanced jet training on CF-5 Freedom fighters at Cold Lake, Alta. In 1980, Dempsey was selected for a regular two-year term as a member of the Snowbirds. Touring North America and overseas with the aerobatic team, first as a member and later as the leader, brought frequent separations from his wife, Ruth, and their children, Stephanie, now 18, and Jesse, 5. But, he says, the frequent flying is "rewarding."

Rapidly exiting, after his first tour with the Snowbirds, was a three-year assignment flying the CF-114 Starfighters—"a misfit with a man in it," as Dempsey says.

He flew that place with Canadian turbo forces in Europe until it was retired from Canadian service in 1986. In all, his two-inch-thick logbook records 4,250 hours of flying time. Now, he has been posted to serve, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, as an executive position with Air Command in Winnipeg. He goes with a childhood ambition fulfilled—and with the satisfaction that the Snowbirds are still tracing dreams in the sky.



Photo: Peter MacLean

A magical craftsman

MORDECAI RICHLER

From roots in Quebec, a skilful author addresses the world and warns against Canadian tribalism

It is much of his best writing, even when the settings are international and his themes universal, Mordecai Richler has never strayed far from Canada. Most of his nine novels, even those composed during two decades of self-imposed exile in Europe, are firmly rooted in the located soil of his native land. His scores of essays, opinions and reviews, including a collection just published under the title *Boundaries*, usually reflect fociques of relevance that were first forged in the Montreal streets where he grew up. His current project is a long article commissioned by *The New Yorker* magazine about Quebec and its place, if it has one, in Canada. "It is turning out to be very difficult to write," he recounted in a Downtown Street house not far from his downtown Montreal apartment, "for the simple reason that I cannot really understand why people here seem to feel oppressed." Pacing to up on a dark cup of double espresso, he added blithely, "To me, it's a warring tribal quarrel that demeans everybody."

In Richler's view, cultural nationalism distracts Canada from fulfilling its potential as part of the world community of cultures that enrich everybody. At 69, he is no stranger to the riches or the quarrels of English Canada or Quebec, particularly those involving Montreal's beleaguered Jewish community. He has chronicled both in a string of sometimes broadcast, often hilarious and always insightfully crafted novels that stretch from *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, first published in 1956, to the work that many critics and readers believe is his best—*Salmon Gundy Was Here*. But his writing speaks not only to Canadians. It addresses the world in a style that is, by any measure, a major literary achievement.

Like much of his work, *Gundy* has been applauded at home and abroad. A compelling tale about a family of bootleggers who become legitimate businessmen, that novel won the 1990 CBC Literary Prize from the Quebec Society for the Promotion of English Language Literature and a \$25,000 Commonwealth Writers Prize as best fiction of the year. The Commonwealth award cited "the flair and skill with which an almost epic national saga inventively plays with history," calling it "a challenging book which not only exposes the myths of multicultural harmony beloved of many nations, but also exhorts us to do so."

Richler relishes the recognition—in part as vindication after *Gundy* was overlooked as nominations for Canada's premier annual literary prize, the Governor General's Award for fiction. "Sure it makes me feel good," he said of the Commonwealth award. "I've taken a lot of shots at the cultural nationalists in this country," he added with a shrug. "I guess I've got to be prepared to take some shots myself."

He is also prepared to deal with the current tensions in Quebec. He and his wife, Florence, divide their time between a Montreal apartment and a rambling old house overlooking Lake Memphrémagog in Quebec's Eastern Townships, purchased not long after the Richlers returned to Canada in 1972 after spending 20 years—and raising five children—in London. There are no plans to move. "I have no idea what is going to happen in Quebec," he remarked coolly. "There are too many expatriates. I hope it all doesn't end finally, unfortunately." He gazed far a reflective stare up a cigarette, then brightened. "But whatever happens," he said, "I guess it is going to be pretty interesting." Interesting enough, no doubt, to provide more raw material for a literary craftsman's art.





MACLEAN'S HONOR ROLL

Shyly into the limelight

MARGO TIMMINS

A quiet voice that sounds as if it is trying to take the melancholy chill off a Canadian winter

She has beguiling features, untamed hair the color of late autumn, and a voice that sounds as if it is trying to take the melancholy chill off a Canadian winter. It is a surprisingly quiet voice, sexy by default rather than design. It sings like woodsmoke above the tinnoles of harmonica and steel guitar, and lingers in the dialects between hope and despair, intimacy and caution. It belongs to Margo Timmins, and sounds like an axe she.

Timmins, 25, is the lead singer of the Cowboy Junkies, a Toronto-based band that scored one of the most unlikely successes in the past decade of pop music. Creating a hit album usually requires several months of studio work and thousands of dollars. But the Cowboy Junkies recorded their 1988 album, *The Trinity Session*, for just \$250 through a single microphone during one day in a Toronto church. The album sold one million copies worldwide. And since then, the band has packed concert halls throughout North America, Europe and Japan. Now, this year's album, *The Caution Horses*, has enhanced the group's reputation. In a year when rockers Mötley Crüe were exposed as lip-synchers, Cowboy Junkies affirmed the appeal of popular music based on acoustic honesty rather than studio technology. And with their success, Timmins now says with portable confidence, "I guess we're back to stay."

Despite their sudden success, concert to create a stir in the street, the Cowboy Junkies do not play cowboy music. And they are not jokers—although their music almost always consists of wistfully slow ballads. On the contrary, the band is a cozy affair that includes two of Margo's brothers: Michael, 21, writes most of the songs, and Peter, 25, is the band's drummer. "We're all very quiet people, and we don't do the party scene," says Margo. One of her children, Margo was raised in Montreal until, at age 13, her family moved to Toronto. Their father, John Timmins, owns an aircraft leasing company. For Margo, teenage rebellion meant dropping out of school and taking a secretarial course. She later obtained a degree in social work, but chose to work as her father's secretary while the band was forming.

Timmins stepped shyly into the limelight. It was not her idea. And she had no experience in music when Michael asked her to front his fledgling band five years ago. As she began to sing, she made a vow—"to make sure that the person on stage was me." Even now, Timmins says as if she were carefully revealing a personal secret: And her style has won the respect of critics attached to a new wave of acoustic sounds in pop music—and to a generation of no-frills female singers.

Originally, her only real ambition was to get married and have children. She is married to Toronto entertainment lawyer Graham Henderson, who helped introduce the band to the United States. They live with two white Shetland Sheepdogs in an old house downtown. But now that she is so busy with music, she says, having children will have to wait.

Finishing a new album, Timmins says that it may be "a little more open." But playing quietly has its own edge, she says, adding "To keep the mood down takes as much energy as pumping off your speaker stacks and running through smoke." Outside, Timmins does not run or dance. She stands, curled around the microphone—a singer who has learned to make her presence felt without raising her voice.

Advising by example

JEANNINE GUILLEVIN WOOD

The first woman of Quebec business constructs a Canadian success story with plain old hard work

yet completely was, for there are still a few people who will not accept it." Learning farther across her desk, she added with a note of determination, "Those kind of people I find it best to ignore."

Few colleagues or competitors have managed to ignore Guillevin Wood. The company of which she is chairman, chief executive and principal shareholder is Canada's third-largest distributor of electrical products and a single vendor of substation, security and safety equipment. It employs 1,200 people in 124 offices, distributing 81,000 products to 50,000 customers. Annual sales in the company year that ended last Jan. 31 exceeded \$426 million, profits \$5.6 million. Guillevin Wood also sits on the boards of several major concerns, including Riva Quebec, BCE Inc. and Sun Life of Canada. In October, in the face of a recession, her company expanded in the Maritimes—part of a corporate strategy to Canada-wide growth and community service. Also this year, she became the first woman appointed to the policy committee of the blue-ribbon Business Council on National Issues. "You might say that I have won some recognition," she smiles.

Guillevin Wood's life might have taken a far different course. Until 1960, she led an obscure but comfortable existence as a Montreal housewife and mother, content to spend the summers golfing and the winters in Florida. But her first husband, Franjo Guillevin, died suddenly, leaving her a 15-year-old daughter to care for, as well as control of the family business. At that time, F. X. Guillevin & Son Ltd. was an electrical wholesaler with 35 employees and annual sales of \$1.5 million, mostly from the distribution of household appliances. Rather than sell the business, she decided to take the reins as her own hands. "That's no other choice," she recalls. "It was a good old family firm with a lot of good employees who had given their lives to the company. How could I let them down?"

It was a brave decision, given that she had no business experience of any kind. But over the next 20 years, she acquired 11 other companies and forged working partnerships with firms in France and the United States to fashion what is now Guillevin International. Along the way, she married businessman Keith Wood. She also gained wider recognition. By 1976, she had been twice named "Miss of the Month" by Montreal business organizations. Other accolades followed. "These really go to my stomach," she says. "It was just the result of plenty of dog-eat-dog and a lot of hard work." It is advice that she often offers by example to others, male or female—the kind of advice expected from a godmother.



Opening the mind

ROSEMARY DUNSMORE

'You have to learn how to open the doors of imagination—both your audience's and your own'

Returning to Los Angeles from a two-day film shoot in Vancouver three years ago, Rosemary Dunsmore received a dismissive reception at the border. After telling a U.S. customs official that she was an actress, Dunsmore recalls, "the woman took my customs card, peered at me with her beady eyes and scribbled down 'Use my ticket. Don't bother. Return.' " The official might as well have scribbled her up as "just another actress," Dunsmore added with a smile. But, for Dunsmore, that description of her career defines a profession that means much more than simply entertaining or seeking celebrity. On the stage, in movies, on the television screen or teaching the craft to others, as Dunsmore does, she explains that her purpose as performing owes a major part to its open gates of awareness and to help people live fuller lives.

After 16 years practicing her craft, Dunsmore this year pursued her purpose with an audience of almost a million people each week in her title role on the hit CBC TV comedy series *SOUP P.J.* "I have never wanted to be a star," she says, "just a better and better actress."

Despite that, the Edmonton-born Dunsmore is a co-star in *SOUP P.J.*—with Stuart Margolin, who plays a private investigator—in *Sally*, a plucky waitress and single mother of two who moonlights as an amateur sleuth. She has helped make the show a favorite of audiences and critics alike. And she says that, in turn, *Sally* has revealed the very person Dunsmore to the many fans the actress has won for her work in such productions as the 1983 neo-western play *Scandal* and the 1988 CBC TV movie *Anne of Green Gables: The Sequel*. "Sally's the closest to me of any character I have ever played—her sense of humor, her sensibility," says Dunsmore. "I watch my performance and I think, 'Hey, this is me.' "

Like Sally, the actress says that she has often had to wait no tables to pay the bills. "It's part of the entertainment industry," she says lightly. Still, Dunsmore has not often had to depend on tips for her livelihood—despite a steadfast refusal to be led astray by the prospect of steady work in any single area of her field. Indeed, after five successful years in the early 1980s in playhouses across the country—including two seasons at Ontario's Stratford Shakespeare Festival—Dunsmore decisively ended the stage in 1984, because, she says, "I wanted to develop my craft in other directions." And in 1986, despite receiving steady work—and critical acclaim—in such productions as CTV's *The Campbell and I.N.G.*, Dunsmore moved to Los Angeles, "just to see if I could make it there." The result: a string of credits in a variety of TV series, as well as roles in such movies as *Tomb* (1984) and last summer's *Twins*.

Now, dividing her time between the Vancouver set of *SOUP P.J.* and the Toronto base that she shares with her actor husband, Peter Dinkley, Dunsmore also continues to devote herself to her second love: conducting acting workshops in both cities. "Teaching," she says, "makes me feel so proud of my craft." More importantly, it allows her to impart her philosophy of success to a new generation of hopeful actors. "So many kids just want fame and fortune," says Dunsmore. "What I tell them is that first, you have to learn how to open the doors of imagination—both your audience's and your own. Then, if time never comes—or takes a few years—you will still have been a great actor."





MACLEAN'S HONOR ROLL

A global view of home truths

HARRISON MCCAIN

"The things that unite us are a thousand and the things that divide us are only three or four"

As early winter storms have enveloped the small New Brunswick village of Florenceville, its icy grip so tight police have closed the highway leading to the provincial capital of Fredericton 150 km to the southeast. Harrison McCain, the energetic 63-year-old chairman of the board of McCain Foods Ltd., straddles a road towards the blizzard beating against the windows of his spacious three-floor office and speaks of the costs of staying a global concern from a remote community of 800 that is far from larger urban centres. "See, there are difficulties," says McCain, who with brother—and company president—Walter runs the firm that employs 12,500 in four continents. "But," he adds, "we want to live here. We like living here."

That devotion to his rural roots, however, has not kept McCain close to home. Aboard commercial sailboats or one of two company jets parked at the 1,600-m airstrip across the St. John River, McCain spends half the year away from his Florenceville headquarters attending to business. And business is growing. The company he and his brother started in 1956—one that sold \$152.408 worth of potato products that first year—as 1990 acquired new plants as far off as Timaru, New Zealand. Also in 1990, McCain began or completed capital projects around the world costing \$150 million. But with his eyes on the outside world, McCain is also outspoken about the need for unity at home—both in his native Atlantic Canada and nationally.

The company's 1990 investment projects ranged from plant expansions in Britain and Spain to new plants in Washington state and neighboring Prince Edward Island. For the first time, company revenues—growing at nearly 20 per cent a year—scored well above the \$2-billion mark. But, says McCain, "If we deserve any accolades at all, it would be in building a Canadian consumer brand that is now known around the world."

Still, McCain declines "to get carried away" by the expectation of more dazzling growth. The father of five (his two sons and six nephews are employed by the family-owned company) is also an avid skier. Reading is another pastime. "I am usually reading three or four books at a time," McCain is also a student of history and its lessons. He says that he admires leaders who—like Prime Trudeau ("the most outstanding Canadian the country has ever produced") and former U.S. president Harry S. Truman—made hard decisions and stuck by them.

And there are concerns that lie beyond business and leisure pursuits. McCain is concerned about the fate of Canada's Atlantic region, an area badly battered by a downturn in the fishery and the effects of the current recession. He fears economic globalization will hurt the country's manufacturing provinces, saying "it would give the region a little weight to say something." And, a resolute and reflective Canadian, McCain says that he is also troubled by the state of a nation whose current temper he characterizes as "bad, bad, bad—everyone's mad about everything." Declared the entrepreneur: "We've got to have leadership and a cause to bring us together—united leadership and a cause. We have to have someone to tell the ideas that the things that unite us are a thousand and the things that divide us are only three or four." From a man who has built a business empire as diverse as the world itself, that advice may get consumed the attention of a country reeled by diversity.

High-class performers

RONALD SOUTHERN

Enterprise and grit gained victories at home and abroad for a key business—and in an odd sport

From his 19th-floor office in the Calgary headquarters of ATCO Ltd., Ronald Southern oversees a commercial empire that stretches far beyond the snow-topped Rockies that line the horizon. The firm manufactures transportable buildings used at the construction industry and for temporary offices and schools in Canada and the United States, as well as in the Middle East. ATCO is also engaged in oil and natural gas exploration, and is a major gas and electrical power producer in Western Canada. But the company's progress stalled in the early 1980s, when a combination of factors undermined ATCO's profitability. Southern battled to restore the company's fortunes—a campaign that would prove successful by 1986. At the same time, Southern, 66, reinforced his role as chairman by handing over some of his responsibilities to ATCO's senior vice-president and chief financial officer, Cameron Richardson. In his rebuilding process, Southern repatriated two key Alberta natural gas companies and an electrical utility from American ownership. And he resisted selling control of the firm to potential Canadian and U.S. buyers, preferring to keep a major Canadian corporation in his native province.

Another Southern project has enhanced Canada's status in a different endeavor—equine show jumping. During the past 15 years, Southern and his wife, Margaret, have owned 200 acres of land in Calgary's southern outskirts, Spruce Meadows, also one of the world's most elegant show-jumping facilities. As a result, equestrian competitions there have become popular spectator events for Albertans from all walks of life—and, this year, drew worldwide attention. Said Southern: "The West was founded on the back of a horse. It is difficult to find many people here whose lives somehow were not touched by the horse."

In the business world, he has built on the base that his father, Donald, who died in March at age 88, launched in 1947 with \$4,800 to build trailers and, later, transportable houses and buildings. Now, ATCO's Alberta Trailer Co. has a diversified enterprise with more than 85 billion in assets and about 2,500 employees. But ATCO suffered a serious blow early in the 1980s, when soaring interest rates and Ottawa's National Energy Program, which kept Canadian oil prices below world levels, slowed Alberta's energy industry. "The company was on the ropes," recalled Southern.

Fighting back, he developed a rigorous recovery plan. After ATCO in 1984 reported the first loss in company history—\$3 million—Southern introduced economies, sold some assets and imposed demanding performance goals. For three years, ATCO's 38 regional managers flew to Calgary once a month for planning and reporting meetings. The process, said Southern, "instilled a whole new level of capability, innovation and determination." In the end, that paid off in the emergence of a more efficient—and profitable—firm.

Meanwhile, Southern's other love, Spruce Meadows, has grown spectacularly. In September, the cluster of paddocks, grandstands and jumping crops attracted about 58 of the international equestrian's leading show jumpers in a five-day Masters competition that Southern describes as "quite possibly the most talented group of riders and horses ever assembled on this continent for competition." He made his observation with the quiet satisfaction it was well-earned with the battles he has fought and the victories that he has won—for his province and his country as well.



Seeding a revolution

TISSA SENARATNA

Solving mysteries in a seed produced new ways to improve forests, farms—and backyard gardens

Like thousands of his neighbors, Tissa Senaratna plants a garden every spring in the backyard of his home in the southern Ontario city of Guelph. It is a modest plot, measuring only 16 feet by 16 feet and bordered by marigolds to keep the pests away from his looks and lettuce. But, for the 38-year-old Senaratna, growing, nurturing and studying plants means more than a pastime. A biologist at the University of Guelph, he has developed a simple and inexpensive method of producing artificial seeds. He has also discovered how to transfer individual genes and, with these desirable characteristics from one plant to another. Senaratna's latest breakthrough, which he revealed to the international scientific community in a paper published earlier this year, could revolutionize farming, forestry—and even backyard gardening.

Senaratna's scientific journey is for pure research, but his goal is to achieve practical results. And, to a remarkable degree, he has succeeded. As a graduate student from 1979 to 1984, Senaratna examined molecular structures to find out why seeds can withstand extreme dehydration while most plants deprived of moisture wither and die. From that basic research, he developed a method of genetic transfer that could lead to such advances as increased crop yields, harder plants and reduced use of pesticides. And Senaratna, "There are all kinds of people, from the forestry industry to the ornamental gardening industry, coming here to look at this technology."

A native of Sri Lanka and the son of teachers, Senaratna studied agricultural science at Ruwena at the University of Moscow on an exchange program. He graduated in 1985 and later earned his master's degree and a doctorate at Guelph. He became intrigued in the effects of dehydration on plants while working briefly at an agricultural research station in Sri Lanka in 1976. "I thought, if I can improve a plant's tolerance to dehydration," he said, "it would be one hell of a great thing to do."

Senaratna eventually discovered how dehydration causes a fatal imbalance in the molecules of most plant cells, but that seed cells possess a unique defense mechanism to counteract such effects. Then, in 1987, he developed a method of making artificial seeds from plant tissue. As a result, a single cell can be used to clone such weeds, and each resulting new plant will be genetically identical to the parent. And with his understanding of dehydration, Senaratna was able to dry his plant-cell seeds without killing them.

Senaratna next used his knowledge of plant dehydration to develop a technique for transferring genetic information. He said that when a plant-cell seed is absorbing water in order to germinate and sprout, there is a moment when its cells lose control of their membranes, the protective outer shell. And he discovered that during that momentary loss of control, a cell will absorb a gene along with water.

The practical implications of his discovery are enormous, he says. Desirable characteristics in one type of plant—strength and straightness in trees, for example, or frost resistance in grains—could be transferred to other, unrelated plants. Added Senaratna, "This is a refinement of plant breeding, a way of making a more precise." And his ultimate goal, by improving food and other plant products, Senaratna said, is nothing less than the betterment of mankind.



With a voice of her own

JEAN COULTHARD

She writes beautiful, passionate music in a personal style, with some help from the winds of inspiration

Her grandparents were making the long and tiring train journey from the Maritimes to Vancouver for a festive family visit. And so, to celebrate the occasion, Jean Coulthard sat down at her mother's piano and composed a ballad about their upcoming arrival. The year was 1936, and Jean was just eight years old. "Of course, this caused a great deal of excitement and amusement," she recalls with a self-deprecating laugh. Now 82 years old, and one of Canada's most accomplished composers, Coulthard is still exciting and amusing her audience, and still composing. In November, her home-town Vancouver Symphony Orchestra played a recital and enters alike with select music from her *Canada Mosaic*, a 1974 work of many moods. "I am so happy when people tell me that they think my music is beautiful," she says. "Because I think that is what one hopes to eventually write—beautiful music."

Coulthard's total catalogue of more than 250 works covers a broad range, from full orchestral and choral music to pieces for solo instrument or voice, and from the classically melodic to contemporary. Dozens of those works have been recorded by such musicians as contralto Mirella Frenette and conductor-general Mario Scrimato. Many more have been performed by musical groups throughout Europe and in Asia and Australia, as well as North America. "She is an extraordinarily original composer," says Mirella Moore, the former chairman of the Canada Council, "with a voice very much her own."

That passionately personal style creates music that resonates with a natural, innate clarity. "I have experienced, of course," she says, "as all artists do, that for the most part I seem to write very naturally. I am a great believer that it is your natural self that counts." Her conviction has helped her to win many commissions, and to garner prizes from places as far apart as Australia, Britain and Scandinavia, as well as being named an officer of the Order of Canada in 1978. Two years ago, Coulthard received an honorary doctorate from the University of British Columbia, where she established the first music theory courses and taught that subject from 1947 to 1973. Now, as she has since 1916, Coulthard calmly awaits inspiration to complete two new works commissioned by the Canada Council. Crying a poem by Tereza porci and depicting Douglas LePan, Coulthard explains, "She calls inspiration the 'right wind,' which I think is a lovely description. You try to steer it, and when it blows by and is gone, you sit patiently—or go about your daily chores—until it comes back."

Coulthard is just slightly impatient for the passing of this century. It is because she foresees the dawning of a time when Canadian music will truly flourish. "We have been the pioneers so far, in a sense," she says of herself and other Canadian composers. "But now that we have so many wonderful universities with music departments, and so many wonderful ensembles and soloists, chamber music groups, orchestras—we have everything that we did not have for most of this century."

She adds her prediction: "I feel the 21st century will mark the arrival of Canadian music in Canada." And one thing seems certain: whenever Canadian music comes of age, the beautiful sounds created by Jean Coulthard, musical pioneer, will still be treasured and savored, then as now.





Communities built on love

JEAN VANIER

Providing affection for the mentally deprived is a rich experience of living from the heart

In June, 1988, Jean Vanier went to Rideau Hall in Ottawa to accept the Order of Canada from then-Gov. Glen Johnston. Vanier was made a companion of the order for his quarter-century of work with mentally handicapped people, and he turned the event into something quite different from the usual formal awards ceremony. He brought with him 150 people from homes affiliated with L'Arche, the international network of communities for the mentally handicapped that he founded in 1964. "The people with disabilities were thrilled," Vanier recalled with a grin. "We drank champagne and celebrated. It was all fine!" But beneath the party-like atmosphere was a serious intent that is at the heart of Vanier's mission: sweeping away barriers between handicapped people and the rest of the world.

Vanier, now 62, discovered that autism comparatively late in life. The son of Georges Vanier, the former governor general who died in 1967, he joined the Royal Navy at 13. After he left nine years later, he spent more than a decade studying philosophy and theology and exploring his deep Roman Catholic faith. Then, in August, 1964, at 35, Vanier bought a 250-year-old stone house in the tiny French village of Trôoly, 36 km northwest of Paris, and arranged for two mentally handicapped men to come and live with him. The beginnings were modest—the first house had just a wood-burning stove and no toilet—but the community grew quickly. About 200 handicapped people now live in 21 houses in Trôoly and nearby villages, along with a similar number of "assistants" who live with them and care for them. Worldwide, L'Arche (the ARK) has 55 such communities in 23 countries as diverse as India, India and the Ivory Coast. There are 24 in Canada.

Vanier has had no official role in the movement since 1980, when he stepped down as director of the L'Arche community in Trôoly. But he continues to live in the village, and his vision remains at the heart of the movement. Key to it is his conviction that mentally handicapped people are often closer to spiritual values like kindness and love than are others. "They are the wisest and the most fragile, and they have so much to teach us," he says. Many of those who volunteer as assistants to L'Arche communities share Vanier's religious beliefs and put in a lifelong commitment. Some, like him, also remain celibate in order, as they explain, to deepen their relationship with God.

While he holds no formal office with L'Arche, Vanier still spends about half his time travelling on its behalf—visiting L'Arche communities and leading spiritual retreats. A new focus is the Soviet Union and post-Communist Eastern Europe. Vanier expects to open a home in Budapest next spring and plans to conduct retreats in Carthage, Tunisia.

In Trôoly, he lives simply. His salary no salary from L'Arche, but has a generously furnished room, which also serves as his office, in one of the community's houses. He eats with a group of handicapped people and shares the work—"I'm the dishwasher," he said. He has few possessions. When he was invited to lunch with the Queen at Buckingham Palace in 1983, he had to have one of his late father's old suits altered to fit his too-tall, four-inch frame. But his commitment remains firm. "I see people coming here from institutions crowded and broken, and then, two or three years later, I am there standing up and laughing," he said. "Every day, I am confirmed in the truth of what we are living here."

PHOTO: PETER

A FEDERAL CASE

On Dec. 23, Liberal leader and newly elected air far broadcaster Jean Chrétien and his wife, Alice, moved from their star Ottawa home into Stornoway, the official residence of the Leader of the Opposition. Within hours of the move, however, Chrétien was in Montreal, preparing for a critical appearance before Quebec's major Conservative commission on the province's future. At the Liberal party's 50-kilometre Stornoway, Chrétien faced a much more hostile audience who spent three hours grilling him with questions he could expect to be asked by the real *Milanges* Commission: Just evening, the Liberal leader returned to Stornoway, where he spent most of the next two days in his study—going over briefing books. Finally, he flew to Quebec City, where, on Dec. 27, he took his place before the television cameras and the waiting commissioners to defend his vision of federalism. "We were astounded," Chrétien's principal secretary, Edward Goldenberg, said of his boss's hectic pace, "but he was driven. His energy was boundless. It was that important to him."

For many Quebecers, Chrétien's appearance before a panel that includes several separatist advisers of long standing evoked bitter memories of the 1980 referendum. Then, as federal justice minister in the cabinet of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Chrétien was Quebecers to say "No" to sovereignty-association and "Yes" to renewed federalism. But while expectations were high as he arrived at Quebec's National Assembly, his performance received mixed reviews. And most analysts expressed doubt that he had made any significant progress in convincing Quebecers to support his brand of "renewed" federalism. But Quebec's Liberal Leader Lucien Bouchard, for one, said that he felt that Chrétien's performance had been designed to score political points in English Canada rather than in Quebec. And even some federalists in the nationalist-ist Chrétien, making it more difficult for the Liberal leader to rebuild his image in the province of his birth.

In fact, Quebec reaction to Chrétien's remarks, and his 89-page written brief, raised their head given its strikingly negative impact. In the Quebec City daily *Le Soleil* (Laval) in a headline after his appearance, "Chrétien greets Quebec" Other critics called his ideas outdated. Said Marcel Bédard, a federalist business leader on the commission, "What credibility can we give Jean Chrétien when he proclaims renewed federalism today?" Added

CHRETIEN'S UNITY APPEAL IS POPULAR IN ENGLISH CANADA, BUT DRAWS HOSTILITY IN QUEBEC



Malvoynes praise even from Tory aides

Quebec Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Gil Rinfard: "You could have presented the same brief 20 years ago." "Somewhere in the country, however, Chrétien appeared to win approval for being the only federal party leader to appear so far before the commission. An editorial in *The Vancouver Journal*, for one, praised the Liberal leader for accepting "a needed dose of reality into the Quebec political debate" and for "meeting a

welcome message: the battle to keep Canada together has just begun." Even now odds to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney—who has been bitterly critical of Chrétien's constitutional appeal—graciously praised the Liberal leader's presentation. Said one senior aide: "It is the best thing we have seen from him. There are a lot of Chrétien's who like it."

Chrétien was helped, however, by constitutional rules that allowed him only 10 minutes to make his presentation before answering questions from members. That limit gave Chrétien little chance to dwell on the themes that he had rehearsed in his written brief. Noting that Quebecers "have always believed in tolerance and freedom of expression," Chrétien wrote that "the Canadian ideal is worth pursuing, reforming and improving." And in an apparent swipe at Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa's defense of federalism as economically prohibitive to Quebec, Chrétien added: "To say that Canada is just an economic relationship is to cheat Quebecers of their birthright. Canada is much more than economics." Still, acknowledged one observer, "We looked a lot better on paper than he lived in person."

But his three speeches in Quebec City may have been as important as what he had to say. Quebec Liberal MHA Claude-Elie Rousselle noted, "For a part of the population, just the fact that he had the courage to appear before the commission made a difference." And Liberal strategists expressed satisfaction that after six weeks and much-criticized first six months as party leader, Chrétien had at least established a position on the front lines of the constitutional debate. "It is true [Chrétien] did not touch the whole debate around, but he put a wedge in the door," said Eric Malouf, a Montreal lawyer who helped Chrétien prepare his presentation. "The way things are going right now, if you leave the door open at all, it's some kind of a win."

Much of the opposition to Chrétien at Quebec, as a result of his constitutional role, is earlier constitutional battles. As federal justice minister in 1981, he helped secure a constitutional agreement giving more prominence during a night of issue, private negotiations without the participation of the Quebec delegation. The Quebec government later refused to sign the document that resulted. And the occasion is still remembered by many members of the province's political elite as "the night of the long knives." Again, earlier this year, a newspaper at Quebec that Chrétien was walking behind the scenes to ensure the proposed

Meach Lake accord attracted renewed criticism. And last week, criticism on the commission was again for his public audience at the June Liberal leadership convention in Calgary of Newfoundland Premier Clyde Wells—who many Quebecers blame for the accord's demise. Said Hovington later: "He still has a long climb ahead of him."

In fact, many provincial Liberals say that Chrétien has not yet grasped the extent of the reasons for his credibility in Quebec. Said one senior adviser to Bourassa: "To have approved

ten because of the danger of making him a martyr for English Canada. As well, his defense of federalism may have been overshadowed by a similarly poor Dec. 22 presentation at Quebec constitutional scholar John Doon, known for his close ties to Bourassa, who advised the commission to give federalism one last chance. Doon's brief was widely considered in Quebec political circles to represent Bourassa's own preference for the future, a final round of negotiations with Canada in which Quebec will ask for vastly increased powers and, if that



Chrétien addressing the Bélanger-Compeau panel cooking latter memories

his usage left, he would have had to have accepted for the part and offered some concrete proposals for the future. Instead, he came up with the same old changing scenario about independence that he's used before."

Chrétien did call for the transfer of rapidly defined additional powers to the province, but he repeatedly evaded questions about what new responsibilities he would be willing to return to Quebec. And although some of his stringency against before his appearance that Chrétien should use the occasion to squarely address his critics, he refused to do so. Instead, he reminded Quebecers that any constitutional future sort of complete political independence will require complex and potentially later negotiations with the rest of Canada. Said Malouf: "Quebecers must be reminded that we can only help economic ties with the rest of Canada if the rest of Canada decides to agree to it."

Still, Chrétien's appearance lacked the any intensity that many analysts had expected. Severely at the commission and that there was little advantage in attacking Chré-

field, a independent among Quebecers to support full political independence. Declared Doon, "English Canada will not give an answer that is a little at its throat—and even that is not assured."

Against that background, many Quebecers were clearly withholding their support from Chrétien at least until he is more specific about what concessions he is prepared to make. For some, in fact, his refusal to do just that last week was the biggest disappointment of his appearance in Quebec City. Said Luc Bouchard, a Quebec Liberal who works as an adviser to party members on the commission: "It was like watching a boxer step into the ring and not throw any punches. Chrétien was ducking, dodging and putting up his gloves to deflect any blows." Finally, as the springing between individuals and organizations in Quebec continues a pattern of speculation on why adequate means pushing towards to come—with no certain voters.

NANCY WOOD and BARRY CAHILL in Ottawa
Quebec City and E. KATE PILTON in Ottawa

National Notes

THIRD-PLACE FINISH

The Conservative government ended the year as it began it: in third place in public support. A report by Gallup Canada has showed the Tories with 14 per cent of the federal vote, compared with 38 per cent for the Nio and 23 per cent for the Liberals.

THE POVERTY TRAP

A report by the Ottawa-based National Council of Welfare showed that payment rates across Canada have failed to keep up with inflation and are now "grossly inadequate." Meanwhile, the Toronto-based Canadian Association of Food Banks said that the number of people using the banks during the first 11 months of 1990 was 30 per cent higher than in the same period a year ago.

UNDER SHOT

British Columbia Premier William Vander Zanden fired a general party revolt amid 15 Social Credit riding candidates who ended meetings to consider calling for a leadership convention. To force a leadership showdown, 15 of the party's 75 riding associations must each pass resolutions calling for a leadership review. The resolutions must be supported by at least 75 per cent of those who vote. If that occurs, party executives will have to call a meeting of the full party where delegates could have a leadership convention at 75 per cent of those who vote in favor.

DEATH AT SEA

Three people drowned or were presumed dead after storms sank a 56-foot fishing boat in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, about 200 miles south of the Quebec city of Cap-aux-Moules, and a second, 60-foot vessel about 30 miles northeast of St. John's, Nfld.

SPREADING THE EQUITY

Quebec's MRC government, in separate announcements, extended benefits available to household public servants and to women in provincially regulated businesses. In a move expected to affect two per cent of the province's 600,000 seasonal employees, Management United Quebec Province Limited said that "seniority spouses" will be entitled to such family benefits as dental insurance and bereavement leave. Labor Minister Robert Macdonald said that the province intends to broaden its pay equity legislation to cover an additional 450,000 women who do not currently benefit because their jobs are not enough male employees in their work-place or job category to establish a comparison income.



Baker (left) and Shevardnadze at a superpower meeting in Wyoming: 'I am proud to call this man a friend'

WORLD

A WARNING SHOT

The resounding figure of Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze suddenly sat unexpectedly still in the international arena last week. His departure caused alarm from Washington and Ottawa in London and Berlin. "I cannot reconcile myself with what is happening in my country," the usually soft-spoken Shevardnadze told the Soviet parliament. "Disaster is gaining ground. The elders have left the stage." With that, the 62-year-old Georgian resigned from the post in which, over the past five years, he had helped his political leader and mentor, Mikhail Gorbachev, to change the political map of the world. The astute statesman showed was one of shock, uncertainty—and deep concern. Senior Western statesmen were careful not to express their concern too openly. But a ranking NATO official in Brussels, who wished to remain anonymous, clearly voiced the fears of many when he said, "This is more than just our man resigning—it's a major blow to the whole reform process in the Soviet Union."

SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER EDUARD SHEVARNADZE RESIGNS, GIVING A CLEAR VICTORY TO HARD-LINERS

Some analysts even said that Shevardnadze's departure indicates that Gorbachev, too, may soon be forced from office. At the very least, they said, it was a victory for the Communist party and for military hard-liners, whose influence over Gorbachev has grown as the nation's political and economic fortunes have declined. For the past year, senior military officers have privately characterized Shev-

arnadze as a traitor because of the part he played in dismantling the Soviet Union's Eastern European empire. Shevardnadze was the second leading reformer to fall from power in the past month, following the firing of Interior Minister Valeri Bolotov in Dec. 2 and his replacement by hard-liner Boris Yeltsin.

The effect of Shevardnadze's resignation on Soviet relations with the West remained uncertain. In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Joe Clark declared, "This is a very troubling time. And he added that Shevardnadze and Gorbachev had been "the symbols of a reform movement in the Soviet Union in which Canadians had placed a great deal of confidence." But U.S. Secretary of State James Baker said that he accepts Gorbachev's assurance that the Kremlin's foreign policy will not change. As a result, Baker said, he did not expect a weakening of Kremlin support for the United States in the Persian Gulf crisis. He added that Gorbachev and President George Bush still plan to meet in Moscow in February to sign a strategic arms reduction treaty. In fact, said Larry

Black, director of the Ottawa-based Centre for Canadian-Soviet Studies, "I don't think Shevardnadze's resignation was a foreign policy issue at all." And Jerry Hough, senior fellow at Washington's independent Brookings Institution, commented, "My sense is that it had to do with nationality policy."

Shevardnadze's brief but emotional resignation speech seemed to support that. Although conservative party members had recently criticized Shevardnadze's support for U.S. Gulf policy, his resignation followed Gorbachev's threat of drastic action against republics that are threatening to secede from the Soviet Union. Those include Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldova and Shevardnadze's home republic of Georgia. And in an address to the 1,350-member Congress of People's Deputies last week, Gorbachev seemed that he was prepared to take direct control of the Baltic republics. When Shevardnadze resigned last week, many deputies reacted with apparent astonishment. Gorbachev looked on impassively. Later, however, he condemned his colleague for resigning without first consulting him. "To leave at this time is unacceptable," Gorbachev declared.

In Washington, where House spokesman Martin Proctor said that Shevardnadze's departure indicated the seriousness of the situa-

tion, many who paid tribute to Shevardnadze. "We worked out splendidly together."

In European Community headquarters in Brussels, the resignation led to expressions of deep concern about a return to Statist repression in the Soviet Union. Said European Commission Vice President: "It should serve as a warning that Europe must redouble its efforts to help the political and economic reforms under way." Baker, who through months had taken the position that Western aid to Moscow is conditional on a continuation of democratic reforms. But, too, had made it clear before Shevardnadze's departure that U.S. economic and financial aid to Moscow is dependent on further democratization. For that reason, many Westerners expressed doubt that Gorbachev would surrender completely to the hard-liners. Said Ottawa analyst Black: "If they anger the Americans, they will lose a lot of aid, and I don't think they would risk that. Gorbachev is not a puppet of the West, but I don't think he is yet a prisoner of the Old Guard."

For more pessimism, news provided in liberal circles in Moscow. Said Leonid Mikhlin, a commentator for the Soviet weekly *New Times*: "There could be no more day after day to the world that our right-wing and our military-industrial complex do not want arms re-



Gorbachev: a prospect of taking direct control of the Baltic republics

tion in the Soviet Union, where unopposed personnel fired shortbars are aggravating overall political instability. Baker reacted generously to the fall. "I am proud to call him one of ours," he said. "We achieved some significant things in the 23 months we worked together." During that period, Baker and Shevardnadze, who was Canadian party chief in Georgia when Gorbachev named him foreign minister in 1985, built up a close personal relationship. They worked out the details of landmark arms control agreements and found common ground in such critical issues as the liberation of Eastern Europe, German reunification and the Iraq invasion of Kuwait. German Chancellor Helmut Kohl was among Western states-

men who paid tribute to Shevardnadze. "We worked out splendidly together."

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JOHN FEEHAN with ANTHONY WILSON SMITH in Ottawa. PETER GEMIS in Brussels. NIKOLAI MACROSKIN in Washington and correspondents report.

World Notes

HOPES IN LITHUANIA

Selma Albus resigned as prime minister of Lithuania, clearing the way for the formation of a new government called for as part of an *Arrangements* peace pact reached last year. The new government will try to disband existing military and establish close ties with Syria, whose troops crushed an 11-month-old uprising last October led by rebel Christian Gen. Michel Aoun. *Analysis* says that the changes could end the country's 15-year-old civil war, in which more than 158,000 people have been killed.

A HEADACHE FOR KIOCH

On a visit to Jerusalem, former New York City mayor Edward Koch walked down the winding Old City in an effort to show that it is safe for tourists—and was slightly injured when an unidentified assailant threw a brick, which struck his head. Meanwhile, violence in the occupied territories continued. Israeli soldiers shot and wounded at least 15 Palestinians during a strike to prevent Israeli police to expel four Arabs.

ROMANIAN URBEST

In Timisoara, the western city that was the cradle of the 1989 revolution that overthrew Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, tens of thousands of workers and students marched to demand the resignation of the current government. "We have been betrayed," declared one worker, expressing anger over the country's economic crisis and the slow pace of reform under President Ion Iliescu and Prime Minister Petre Roman.

CATHOLIC CONDEMNING

The Roman Catholic bishops of Poland, widely criticized for not condemning anti-Semitic incidents, particularly during the recent presidential campaign, finally spoke out against the activities. In a strongly worded statement, the bishops said that some Polish Catholics had helped the Germans to kill Jews during the Second World War, and that those who will "never grow at our conscience."

ALBANIAN SENTENCES

According to state-run *Tezeta* Radio, Albania gave six sentences of up to 20 years in prison to 20 people who took part in recent anti-government protests. The opposition Democratic Party, formed two weeks ago after President Rrahmi, also bowed to student protests and instituted a university system in Eastern Europe's last orthodox Communist state, accused the authoritarianism of using torture to extract false confessions.



Former hostage Samir with his wife, Patti, planning a new, quiet family life

THE PERSIAN GULF

Countdown to war

Some U.S. ground troops may not be ready

American reinforcements landed in the Persian Gulf at a rate of 2,000 each day last week. Tensons between Washington and Baghdad over a date for Iraqi troops' departure and the Jan. 15 UN-imposed deadline for Iraqi withdrawal from Kuwait drew nearer, the prospect of war appeared to increase. There was, however, one major complication: the deputy commander of American forces in the Gulf said that his ground troops were not ready to fight. Lt. Gen. Colvin Wilber said that there is a "distinct possibility that every unit will not be fully combat-ready until some time after Feb. 1." His comments appeared to undermine President George Bush's efforts to convince Iraqi President Saddam Hussein that he faces a formidable military threat. U.S. officials hastily reassured Wilber's remarks. And Lt. Gen. John Young, in charge of army forces in the Gulf, said, "I'm ready today for whatever mission—my perspective is, Saddam, get out of Kuwait or be prepared to meet the consequences."

Wilber added another possible twist to a buildup action filled both with uncertainty for foreign troops in the Gulf and with relief for recently released hostages. The fact that his statements were at the end of an up with official U.S. policy may indicate that he was trying to tell Iraq into attacking as a defense. But most analysts said that Wilber either spoke more freely than he intended to or was sending Washington a signal that the military is dissatisfied with the timetable with which war seems

to be approaching. His real objective, said Robert Hartley, an analyst at the Washington-based Center for Strategic and International Studies, was to convince Bush that only by waiting until February could he "shorten the war and keep the casualties down."

At the UN, meanwhile, the United States acted to hold together its alliance with Arab nations confronting Iraq. The UN Security Council unanimously adopted a resolution that recommended measures to monitor Israel's treatment of Palestinians in the occupied territories. Washington voted for the resolution only after it had been watered down from a stronger proposal.

In Canada, the hostages released by Hussein on Dec. 9 were making plans for the holiday season. Wade Bae, 35, of Monroville, Alta., an oil worker who spent four months trapped as Iraq, said, "We're just going to have a nice, quiet family time." But many of the latter hostages feared that their celebration will be tempered by concerns for the Kuwaiti friends they left behind. "I don't want war," said 58-year-old Toronto retiree David Wright, who had been the chief of laboratories for two Kuwaiti hospitals. He added, "I don't think that a million men could fight at a country the size of Kuwait without a lot of civilians getting killed."

Clearly, if war breaks out, a lot of soldiers—ready or not—will become casualties in well.

MARY NEMETH with ANASTAS KANAKIS in Washington and correspondents reports

HAITI

A priest for president

Voters pick a fiery leftist in democratic elections

It is a land of squalor and abject poverty, where dictators have traditionally held power. But last week, for the first time since independence from France 186 years ago, Haitians voted in free and complete presidential elections. And by a landslide they chose Jean-Bertrand Aristide, a 37-year-old radical Roman Catholic priest who first became known for his fiery attacks on the Duvalier family who ruled Haiti with an iron fist from 1957 to 1986. New Aristide, whose campaign strategy was anti-American and eloquent on the rights of the poor, faces a formidable challenge in meeting Haitians' enormous expectations. "Ti Telen," his supporters shouted after the race, using the nickname that means Little Aristide. "We have found you and we love you."

According to preliminary results, Aristide won 68 per cent of the vote. A pro-American candidate, Marc Bazin, finished second with 13 per cent, and nine other candidates split the remaining votes. Haitian soldiers, who are widely believed to have participated in the murders of more than 34 voters in 1987, the last time the country tried to hold a democratic vote, appeared to co-operate with election officials last week. And most of the newly 1,000 international observers said that the voting had been largely fair. "There were some small irregularities," said Jacques Jurel, a Quebec electoral officer observing the vote. "But it was still a democratic process."

Aristide is a dramatic man whose leftist, publicly charged, extreme movement has polarized, but also resulted in the expulsion from the Haitian customary order in 1989. But he makes no apologies about changing the poor. "Jesus was not a priest," he declared, "he was a lay worker." During the campaign, Aristide undertook to provide justice for the victims of violence. On his leftist policies, including collective agriculture, about 200,000 upper-class Haitians. He could also face a threat from military officers, who have moved out three camps in the past five years, and from remnants of the Duvalierist defense forces. Marc Bazin, 57, the pro-president may not be able to work matters. But in long-suffering Haiti, the country's first peaceful election was at least a hopeful start.

MARY NEMETH with MARK AUBLANNEY in Port-au-Prince and EDEKA SEMONOV in Toronto

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CRUSHED CAREERS

ONCE A SYMBOL OF THE 1980s BOOM, BAY STREET BROKERS FACE HARD TIMES AND BLEAK PROSPECTS

Inside the gleaming glass towers of Toronto's financial district, it is as if a scene played out with depressing regularity. Right years after founding university and still in his early 30s, the ambitious, high-flying investment banker was pulling in more than \$100,000 a year as a vice-president of a major brokerage firm, specializing in corporate mergers and takeovers. But two months before Christmas, the good times abruptly ended. Like more than 2,700 other people cut from the payroll of Bay Street investment dealers this year, the confident young executive lost his job as a result of a cost-cutting drive brought on by its industry-wide slump. "When you're doing well in a job, you think you're invulnerable," said the investment banker, who asked not to be identified because it might jeopardize negotiations over his severance package. "They had to get rid of a senior person," he added. "I just got the short straw."

The current slump on Bay Street is proving to be a humbling experience for thousands of young recruits drawn into brokerage firms in the mid-1980s in pursuit of financial success and glory. In total, the 73 member firms of the Toronto Stock Exchange (TSE) have laid off more than 1,800 employees, one-quarter of the industry's workforce, since Oct. 18, 1987—the day on which stock markets around the world plummeted, wiping out many of the gains from the record-setting run in share prices over the previous five years. At first, investors were the ones who suffered most from the stock market's reversal. But the economic downturn has also depressed the volume of shares traded on the TSE—to an average of 22.5 million shares a day during the first 11 months of 1988 from 99.8 million in 1983. That hurts brokers, who earn a percentage



BOB COLE

commission on shares that they buy or sell for clients. Meanwhile, the recession has cost the jobs of thousands of other people in the financial sector, from investment analysts to specialists in mergers and acquisitions. Once a symbol of the prosperous 1980s, Bay Street is now confronting the harsh realities of the 1990s.

Despite the recent layoffs, the income statements of many Bay Street brokerage houses are still awash in red ink. In the first nine months of 1988, the member firms lost a combined total of \$175.4 million in stock trading worth \$59.7 billion, compared with a \$37-million profit on trading worth \$17.9 billion in the same period in 1989. And brokerage executives say that they may be forced to cut even more jobs in the new year. Reid Einfeldt, CEO, chairman of Royal LePage Inc.—Bay Street's second-largest brokerage firm—which has reduced its payroll by about 700 employees to 1,000 over the past year. "We will continue to look for places where we can be more efficient."

In addition to trimming excess staff, some companies are shuffling downsize departments as divisions. On Oct. 18, First City Trustco Inc., owned by Vancouver's Bellco family, closed its stock and bond trading division, laying off five highly paid employees. RBC, one of the largest corporate finance specialists, who also asked not to be identified, claimed that the fall of many young traders and investment analysts was "unavoidable." "Only a handful of people can really get together deals," he added. "A lot of what was going on before the crash was people just answering phone calls." When the markets turned down, and the telephone stopped ringing, dealers began cutting from the bottom, laying off employees who generated the lowest amount of revenue.

The Bay Street crash has been particularly hard on young brokers. Accustomed to long hours, big paychecks and frenetic deal-making, they often have difficulty coming to terms with the stark reality of unemployment. Ralph Chavira, a Toronto-based partner with Goldwell Partners International Inc., an executive search and employment consulting firm, says that many of the laid-off brokers he meets are reluctant even to discuss their misfortune. He added, "It is taking these people longer than people in other jobs any other industry to adjust and relocate."

As well, Chavira says that laid-off brokers are unprepared to deal with the world beyond

Bay Street. Many are waiting on the sidelines for the stock market to recover and are living off their dwindling savings from the 1980s boom. Declared Chavira. "A lot of these people are struggling to sell their fancy cars and things. It's quite ugly." In fact, some laid-off employees cannot afford the luxury of working. At least one former brokerage firm employee is driving a taxi in Toronto.

For those higher up the corporate ladder, the shock of unemployment is frequently cushioned by the prospect of large severance settlements. Said a former specialist in leveraged buy-outs who lost his job in October: "The old, established partners made sure that they looked after each other." For some veterans, the severance packages amounted to well over \$400,000. A few have used their money to start up small, specialized investment consulting businesses. Others are enjoying extended vacations.

Even those who are fortunate enough to have secured their positions are being buffeted by the harsh economic climate. Usually, brokers earn only a small base salary. But every time they trade shares, the buyer is selling at a commission—ranging from one to eight per cent of the value of the stock traded. Traditionally, the brokerage firm takes anywhere from one-third to three-quarters of that commission, while the rest goes to the broker. In good times, investment dealers often supplement that with bonuses based on the firm's profits. In the boom years of the mid-1980s, even some inexperienced newcomers with few shares of \$30,000 earned well over \$100,000 a year.

Now, with trading volume falling, many brokers are struggling to earn half of their former incomes. Among the hardest hit are so-called retail brokers, who deal mainly with small individual investors and make up the largest proportion of the industry's sales force. They are squeezed by their own employees, as well as by the general market downturn. David Dorris, 33, for one, says that when he joined Nestor Thomson Inc. in a retail salesman in 1981, junior brokers on Bay Street were generally allowed to keep 20 to 40 per cent of their commissions. But in the past three years, he says, the brokers' share has dropped to as low as 23 per cent. In September, Dorris, the bleak prospects in retail trading led Dorris to move to the Toronto office of Leverage Brothers & Grullon Inc., where he sells investment research to pension fund managers, insurance companies and other large institutions. Unlike



Wright: "The time to be buying"

Business Notes

INTEREST RATE SLUMP

The Bank of Montreal again led the way in dropping its prime lending rate, to 12.75 per cent from 13 per cent, one day before the Bank of Canada, responding to the recession, lowered its bank rate to 13.75 per cent from 14.00 per cent. The other major Canadian banks later followed suit.

ROMAN'S IMPERIAL STRIKES

Almost all the companies held by Roman Corp., the mining and financial services empire, announced by Stephen Roman, who died in 1986, are now for sale. William James, the former chairman of Falconbridge Ltd. and newly appointed president of Denison Mines Ltd., announced that he is searching for a buyer for the company, and of its subsidiary, Roman Corp., now headed by Roman's daughter, Helen Roman-Barber, is also attempting to sell its minority interests in beleaguered Standard Trustco Ltd. and precious producer Lawson Metals Group Ltd.

MILL APPROVAL

Environmentalists joined and local residents cheered after Alberta Premier Don Getty announced that his government will allow Jasper-located Alberta-Pacific Paper Industries Ltd. to build a controversial \$1.5-billion pulp mill on the Athabasca River in northern Alberta. The province will provide \$475 million in financial aid for the mill, which Getty says will create 1,500 permanent jobs. Meanwhile, the B.C. government approved a \$670-million expansion to an existing mill at Clearing.

BANKRUPTCY MULTIPLY

The number of bankrupt individuals and companies soared in December, according to the federal consumer and corporate affairs department. The total of personal and business bankruptcies jumped to 6,000, an increase of 68 per cent over November 1988 when 3,613 consumers and businesses sought government protection from creditors.

THE PEZ MONEY PAID

The B.C. Securities Commission banned bankrupted stock promoter Murray Pez and two of his partners from trading on the Vancouver Stock Exchange for a year, starting on Jan. 11, after finding them in violation of 12 provincial securities regulations. The commission also ruled that they have to pay two-thirds of his \$100,000 in the costs of the commission's 15-month investigation and hearing.

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BUSINESS

small investors. They tend to keep a hand on their reins in times of stress and continue to trade even when the market is weak. Dooty, who is married with two children, says that he now earns less than he did at the height of the 1980s bull market, but that he does not regret his decision to switch jobs. "The retail business was drying up," he adds. "I can't believe that anyone on Bay Street is earning a living in retail."

Even top-selling brokers are feeling the impact of the slowdown. As recently as three years ago, Jean Hough, a vice-president of ScotiaMcLeod Inc., was generating more than \$1 million a year in commissions. Hough, a 38-year veteran of the stock market, is one of Canada's highest paid brokers. She says, however, that since the mid-1980s, the volume of transactions she handles has dropped by about 25 per cent. Hough, 58, declines to reveal her income, but she acknowledged that she still earns enough to afford her Mercedes-Benz automobile, a house in Toronto's affluent Rosedale district that she owns with her husband, a retired broadcasting executive, and frequent trips abroad. She said that her biggest problem is the boredom caused by the slowdown. Hough added that she is frustrated because she believes that many of her clients are missing out on good investment opportunities. "This is the time to be buying," she said. "But nobody's in the mood for it."

The recent layoffs have also had a sobering impact on students currently enrolled in university business programs. Each year about 350 of them receive a master of business administration degree from the University of Western Ontario in London, which is home to one of Canada's largest and best-known business schools. Three or four years ago, half of those graduates set their sights on highly paid careers at Bay Street, according to Lynne Sheridan, the school's director of student services. As a result, competition for the 30-odd entry positions offered each year by Bay Street investment dealers was intense. Deborah Sheridan, "For most students, a job with an investment dealer was the be-all and end-all."

Now, many of those same people are out of work. "People who had thought they'd had and gone to heaven suddenly came crashing back to earth," said Sheridan. This year, she adds, Bay Street firms appear likely to hire only about a dozen of Western's graduates.

Senior brokerage firms continue to be reluctant to predict when market activity—and their brokers' earnings—will begin to recover. Scotiabank's chief executive King "It's hard to pick a time when you let the bottom. We won't know until well after it has happened." In the meantime, clients and his companies will continue to search for more ways to cut costs. Barring an unexpected turnaround, the only financial indicator that appears likely to rise on Bay Street in the coming months is the number of unemployed brokers and investment advisers.

JOHN DAILY

Hello.
Hi, remember me — your wife?



WEDNESDAY 6:45 P.M.

Jennifer, where are you? I was starting to worry. Remember last week when you took my car fishing with the guys?

Yeah?
You didn't happen to see my spare tire did you?
Well, yeah — I took it out to make room for all the gear.

I see. Well, I guess that explains why I couldn't find it in my trunk.

Oh no, Jen, don't tell me —
I'm at the Brock turn-off with a flat.
Jen, I'm sorry...are you really mad?
Let's just say your tackle box is about to be run over by a transport.
I'll be right there.



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The Seventh Annual Maclean's/Decima Poll, coming in the January 7, 1992 issue of Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine.

Maclean's

THE WELL-INFORMED CHOICE.

This recession does not a depression make

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

I took Michael Wilson most of the year to look himself to use the "R" word, and with the gloomy state of statistical indicators turning on us from every side, many Canadians are beginning to wonder if the "R" word might be more appropriate. So far, it isn't. We may be in the first half of a serious recession but we are not, by any of the accepted definitions, in a depression.

Most economic trends can be accurately categorized only in retrospect, which is why the finance minister was technically correct to wait before announcing the obvious. It wasn't until Nov. 30 that Statistics Canada reported that our gross domestic product had fallen for the second quarter in a row, the officially recognized signal for the start of a recession. Yet the acknowledgment caused stock markets, with everyone assuming the worst. Thus, despite the fact that the actual decrease in goods and services produced amounted to a second-quarter drop of only 0.1 per cent, followed by a 0.3-per-cent fall in the third quarter. Economists expect further and sharper declines in the first three quarters of 1992. There will be higher unemployment and much individual misery. But that doesn't add up to a depression. In the last real depression, between 1929 and 1933, the gross domestic product plummeted 39 per cent.

The difference between recessions and depressions are fairly precise. A recession is a business cycle caused by monetary conditions, and it can usually be reversed by changes in fiscal and monetary policies. It is a period, cold as the economy through higher interest rates and is not a long-term phenomenon. Since the end of the Second World War, we've suffered seven recessions, averaging 13.8 months: Oct. 1946, to Sept. 1949—11 months; May 1953, to June 1954—13 months; April 1957, to June 1958—12 months; Jan. 1960, to Feb. 1961—12 months; June 1974, to March 1975—nine months; Nov. 1979, to June 1980—seven months; June 1982, to Dec. 1982—18 months.

Canada is awash with debt and only a long, slow rebuilding of confidence will prevent us from drowning. But it can be done.

Between these dips the economy has been expanding, and only once before—between the winter of 1981 and the spring of 1982—have we enjoyed a longer upturn than in the past seven years. With each slump there have been predictions of economic doom. In the recession which ended in 1982, interest rates soared to 21 per cent (compared with a prime-rate high of 14.75 per cent that time) while inflation peaked at 13 per cent (a general high, so far, at five per cent now). On June 23, 1983, Canadian Manufacturers' Association president Roy Phillips firmly declared that Canada had tumbled into a depression. Six months later, the economy had started to expand again.

A depression is generally defined as a period of widespread unemployment, seriously declining prices, negative capital investment and a surge of business failures—a phenomenon qualitatively as well as quantitatively different from a recession, which lasts a much shorter period of time and has little global impact. Apart from the 1930s, the only full-blown depression in Canadian history occurred between 1873 and 1893.

In his evangelical zeal to bring inflation to heel, Bank of Canada governor John Crow has been artificially hiking Canadian interest rates

from two to five percentage points higher than in the United States for the past two years. He has since eased off, but may be at it again when the full force of the current inflationary by an expected 1.5 percentage points. (Should there be a winter fuel, skyrocketing oil prices could trigger a shock more serious inflation spiral.) Crow's monetary stance was designed very deliberately to drive the economy into a tailspin to prevent hyperinflation. His hard-headed policy has worked only too well; the cure now looks worse than the disease.

Most economists are calling for no growth or a one-per-cent contraction of Canada's gross domestic product for 1991, with the replenishment of inventories taking off another growth period by year's end. That doesn't mean it's going to be a jolly decade. There are only three ways of reducing the collective and individual debts piled up during the greedy 1980s: by raising taxes, devaluing the currency through inflation, or going bankrupt. All three approaches will be required to survive the 1990s. What we seem to be experiencing is what the economists call a "self-inflicting liquidity crisis," which in English means that the Canadian economy is awash with debt—private, public and corporate—and only a long, slow rebuilding of confidence will prevent us from drowning. But it can be done.

The length and seriousness of this recession will depend largely on how well the major banks narrow their own liquidity crunch. So far, Canadian banks are reporting record profits, but they are at the same time severely cutting their credit risks, and if they don't begin to loosen up soon, we could reach the unthinkable position already being discussed by most of the large American banks. As the U.S. financial institutions continue to reduce credit to those customers whose fiscal survival is at stake (at the moment, most banks are lending money only to those who can prove they don't really need it), more and more personal and corporate assets slip into receivership. That trend towards contraction and asset liquidation depresses prices, which in turn reduces sales, and that triggers more liquidations. That's particularly prevalent now in North America where real estate markets where banks are calling in more and more loans.

The current outlook is certainly as bleak as in a decade, and it will be tough, tough, tough to get the economy moving again. And there's no point making these predictions by judging the self-inflicting mortality of a depression to what is at the moment—no more and no less than a serious recession. It's worth remembering that recessions cannot last forever, and that this slowdown comes at the end of seven years of unmitigated growth. During at least half these years, the Canadian economy was expanding faster than any other in the West, including Japan's.

Being in a recession is neither new nor remarkable. The seven significant periods of economic growth were experienced since 1945 all seemed—while growth was straggling through them—terminally gloomy.

But those cycles did turn—and so will this one.

The gulag tortures

Victims of Soviet camps demand retribution

Natalia Nuzareva says that he is a demagogue and a consuming passion for justice. At 70, he could serve as a department head with the Soviet forestry ministry in Moscow. He could then

official asked me how many victims of repression were still alive. I told him that the government should know—and do something for them." To spur them on, he has met recently with officials ranging from members of the

pressive commissions. I say that it must?"

Nuzareva says that between 1948 and 1955, he was prisoner No. 11,129 and worked as a coal miner above the Arctic Circle in the Siberian town of Nerzhik. His sentence to forced labor resulted from a war record that began when he volunteered for the army in 1941. A year later, the Germans wounded and captured him in Ukraine. In 1943, he escaped from a concentration camp in Lithuania and ended the war fighting with local partisans. But the Soviet agents who arrested him in 1945 claimed that he had worked as a German spy during the war. As a result, Nuzareva went to Siberia with the outcastly distinction of having been tortured by both the German Gestapo and Stalin's security police.

Nuzareva had to wait until 1957 to receive



Moscow human rights demonstration: Lukyanov (below) a self-inflicted wound on Soviet society

with the state security police, to Soviet Deputy Premier Anatoly Lukyanov.

An article, Nuzareva's association claim, those survivors. On Oct. 30, Moscow, a city

official acknowledgment that he had been illegally imprisoned, a familiar experience for many gulag survivors and their relatives. Yelena Kuznetsova, 74, and that she only recently learned how her mother died during a 1938 purge of the Communist party. Said Kuznetsova: "The police told us that she had suffered a heart attack in prison. But last year, I received official confirmation that she had been shot."

To those accounts, Soldatenko has added his protest from exile in the United States. On Dec. 13, the winner of the 1970 Nobel Peace Prize for literature refused to accept a literary award from the Russian Republic—as long as the suffering of Soviet laborers largely unrecognized in his homeland. For her part, Kuznetsova claims that Stalin's purges were a crippling, self-inflicted wound on Soviet society. Now, Kuznetsova, Nuzareva and others are using their fellow citizens to confront one of the darkest periods in Soviet history and get on past the former officials, many of whom are still alive, who sent their fellow citizens to the prison camps—and often to their deaths.

MALCOLM GRAY in Moscow



Skvorecky: an important chronicler of life in the shadow of totalitarianism

BOOKS

Prague memories

A Czech novel recalls freedom's first taste

THE MIRACLE GAME

By Josef Skvorecky

(Lester & Orpen Edwards, 438 pages, \$24.95)

In Canada, Josef Skvorecky is best known as the author of *The Engineer of Human Souls*, his masterful novel dealing with the aftermath of the 1948 Soviet invasion of his native Czechoslovakia. Translated into English, the book won the 1984 Governor General's Literary Prize and revealed Skvorecky—as imagined to Canada after the invasion—as one of the world's foremost chroniclers of life in the shadow of totalitarianism.

Before *Engineer*, Skvorecky wrote *The Miracle Game*. Eighteen years after its first publication in the Czech language, it has finally appeared in English, in a sensitive new translation by Paul Wilson.

Like *Engineer*, *The Miracle Game* is narrated by the irrepressible Drury Skorecky. A well-styled, lean, cynical, woman-chasing Drury has managed to survive to a fine art. Although he comes little for communism, he knows how to maintain an apparent neutrality that not only saves his life but also attracts the confidence of Czechoslovakia from almost every occupying Communist bureaucrat and criminal, writers and schoolteachers, judges and priests, all spill their secrets to Drury. And so the process, they create a complex, tapestry of prisoners of Czechoslovakian society in the 20 years after its takeover by Communism in 1948.

As *The Miracle Game* opens in 1934, Drury is working as a young teacher in a girls'

vocational school in Hronov, a small town hours from Prague. Time to time, he goes starts an affair with one of his students, a beauty named Voca. At the same time, the little town becomes the scene of the annual event called in the novel's title. At a service in the local Roman Catholic chapel, a statue of St. Joseph seems to come to life. Reports of the miracle begin to spread, stirring up the curiosity of Czechoslovakian officials determined to defend the country's alleged atheism. Later, the secret police refuse a film that purports to show that the miracle was a hoax. In the meantime, the great architect of perpetrating the fraud dies in suspicious circumstances. Drury eventually discovers that he was murdered.

The mystery of whether a miracle occurred at Hronov haunts Drury for the rest of the novel. Twenty years later, when he is a successful writer of operettas, he is still facing poems of the public. Although a skeptic himself, the miracle fascinates him because it stands in such flagrant opposition to the professed rationalism of Marxism. Discovering what really happened at Hronov becomes his own, private act of hope and defiance.

Like all large objects, the 438-page novel takes some time to overcome its own inertia. Drury's tryst with Voca seems painful and dull, a result of his secret night-and-day attitude towards women. But after the story moves on to the 1968 Prague Spring—when Czechoslovakia's leader Alexander Dubcek initiated a brief spell of liberalization—Skvorecky's less noticeable witness to the convulsions of Czechoslovak

politics. In one scene, he describes a housing meeting in which only children to their former collaborator class with hard-lens Communists. Drury observes such events with nervous skepticism, because he does not believe that the freedom will last, and he is right. By August, Russian tanks are churning up the Prague pavement.

Drury is cynical of those who call for open defiance of the Russians; he thinks they are simply dupes of their own greed. One leader of the rebellion is a playwright called Hec, who is clearly modeled on Vaclav Havel, the dissident writer who became president of the new, non-Communist Czechoslovakia. Drury sarcastically refers to him as the "world-famous playwright" and suggests he is a naive idealist who believes that the majority of Czechoslovakians support socialism.

The great strength of *The Miracle Game*—Drury's cool-headed account of the hopes and evils of his time—is also its main weakness. Because he is a realist who never gets emotionally involved with anyone, *The Miracle Game* is a bit too cool to be completely involving. But as a novel of record, it is often unforgettable. When one of Drury's friends tours a Czechoslovakian prison, he wonders about a long series of electrical beatings. They are, he is told, torture chambers. The strap of torture as a form of mass production is slowly dying. The great gift of *The Miracle Game* is its reminder that such evil has been to humans—and that, once it takes hold, only a miracle can shake its deadly grip.

JOHN REMROSE

Maclean's

BEST-SELLING LIST

FICITION

- 1 *Honour and the Son of Strain*, Roddy (4)
- 2 *Passions*, David (2)
- 3 *Portrait of Myself*, Moore (9)
- 4 *The Power of Power*, And (3)
- 5 *Longshot*, Francis (5)
- 6 *Return of the Shipwreck*, Mitchell (3)
- 7 *The Goodness in My Love*, LeBlond, Gail (14)
- 8 *Four Feet Under*, King (7)
- 9 *From the Lake*, and (2)
- 10 *The Baby King*, Edging (4)

NONFICTION

- 1 *Travels and Our Times*, Clarke and McColl (2)
- 2 *The Great Depression*, Irvine (1)
- 3 *Powerless*, Taylor (3)
- 4 *Geology: An Autobiography*, Getty (5)
- 5 *Inside the Mind*, Fries (1)
- 6 *A Life on the Edge*, Jones (4)
- 7 *Worth with Power*, Price (3)
- 8 *Odyssey*, Achard (1)
- 9 *Shadows*, Brown (1)
- 10 *Our Politics*, Graham (2)

11 *From the Lake*, and (2)

Compiled by Brian Berube



The danger of too much talk

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

Canadians who are sane of mind, if not in body, are in for a terrible buffeting in 1991. It is not going to be a comforting year. Wise men who can afford to beat his off in Belgium, where things will be calmer. This large and sometimes pleasant land is going to be unmerciful to death. There may be preferable ways of dying, but they don't come to mind.

This country, as Moderate King told us, has too much geography and not enough population. The year 1991 will bring us as too much talk, too many seminar psychiatrists. The talk shows and the op-ed pages are going to be full of lurid, earnest analyses of our tortured souls. Only a hermit under a bridge with a bottle of Châteaufort de Pissou will be able to accept the psychobabble.

Let us count up now. We have the Billings-Greene commission covering Quebec like a blanket, marching towards an inevitable conclusion that we already know. There is the Keith Spicer commission—the Dead Place Society, as it is known by critics (but this one)—traveling on its own jet stream, headed for oblivion unknown.

There are now five different provincial commissions, commissioned to examine the constitutional dog's breakfast that has, bawling, on the rag New Brunswick has a commission, designed to probe the forehead of New Brunswickers. There is an Alberta commission, assembled by the proud assertion last week by Don Getty—one of the great thinkers of our time—that only he of the other "weak and unresponsive" English-speaking provinces has the mandate or the guts to do it with Quebec. One can hardly wait, month after, for his long-awaited appearance before Billings-Greene, or at least some one of the two actual languages.

The ruler of the land, probably the secretist of them all, baby-faced Bobby Lee of Ontario, has hitherto steered the lists with an announcement that he will have a posse of Englishmen roaming from Wave to Beach. Canvases in hopes of having the true thoughts of his citizens, 30 per cent of whom were no



fortunate as to install him in Queen's Park.

Brian Mulroney, who as you know is almost our Prime Minister, has cleverly outfoxed Spicer by appointing a parliamentary committee, to be advised by a group of poorly-honed academics and constitutional thinkers, to examine the same problem that Spicer was supposed to solve. And the Business Council on National Issues, whatever that strange beast is, has funded a "constitutional brainstorming exercise" that will bring top scholars together at a symposium in Toronto in January.

The problem, as you know, is that Canada is going to be not-brainstormed by Groundswell Day. I can envision a new game-show program with a winning award of \$100,000, to the couple Canadian who can prove not to have been interviewed by anyone by July 1.

We are all sick by now—by long ago—of polls, and pollsters who bother us not only at election time but at between when young ladies

with bloodless voices phone us to ask whether we would like to subscribe to a magazine or gently donate to a charity for adjunct chemistry instructors. These calls, in all of us have experienced, come when one is in the bathroom doing something necessary, (b) watching the car, (c) in the bedroom doing something pleasurable. It does nothing for the foreseeable future of politics.

The back page can save the country a lot of money (though it would not into the profits of Mother Bell and Air Canada). It is not really necessary to let the academics have their jollies and their own Method 15 minutes by appearing on Barbara Frum and posing position papers. It is not really necessary for every politician in the land who can get on a talk face and gather a per diem to visit Wave and Yakk.

It is almost as secret as the recipe for baked eggs that Quebec is going to evolve into some

form of interagency-association (Rene Lévesque is giggling—on his lap). It is so dark mystery that there are not going to be armed guards at the border to thwart Ottawa cabinet ministers headed for the death pots of the Rio-Carillon bar in Montreal. No passports will be required and the water is safe to drink.

One does not need 34 involuntary bodies of slanders, something like Nathan Detroit's oldest established permanent floating crap game in New York, to learn what the next Parliament of what used to be known as Canada, after the 1992 election, will resemble the government of Italy—outlasted together by a coalition of parties, each one of them detesting the others, but individual parliamentarians desperate to keep their cushy jobs.

The almost Prime Minister says he must look away at the CBC and not get inside without to keep our Real Frigate Republic in the Gulf because the country can't ever service the deficit. (This is the government that was going to build 12 nuclear ships) I have, like General Electric, a better idea. Back away at the deficit by reducing the August Quarter of the nation.

Accept reality. Admit, as you obviously know, that Quebec is going into a different mode that it has recently and not-so-recently lived for since Montcalm. Cool it. We shall survive. You are not Lincoln, although you may like to be. The nation cannot conduct its many years of having pollsters and politicians and pundits with their foot on the neck of the voter, asking him what he thinks about the feasibility of the northwestern clause.

The trendy restaurants feature a dinner that is advertised in Death by Chocolate. Canada's oldest service Death by Commission.



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